

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.
JOHN HENRY ZUER, Editor.
N. HOWARD LONGLEY, Circulation Manager.
C. N. FASSETT, Business Manager.
NEWS-TIMES PRINTING CO., Publishers.
Office: 210 W. Colfax Av.
Home Phone 1151. Bell Phone 2106.

Call at the office or telephone above numbers and ask for department wanted—Editorial, Advertising, Circulation, or Accounting. For "want ads," if your name is in the telephone directory, bill will be mailed after insertion. Report institution to business, had execution, poor delivery of papers, had telephone service etc., to head of department with which you are dealing. The News-Times has thirteen trucks, all of which respond to Home Phone 1151 and Bell 2106.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Morning and Evening Editions, Single Copy 2c; Sunday, 5c; Morning or Evening Edition, daily, including Sunday, by mail, \$3.00 per year in advance; delivered by carrier in South Bend and Mishawaka, \$5.00 per year in advance, or 12c by the week.

ADVERTISING RATES: Ask the advertising department. Foreign Advertising Representatives: CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN, 225 Fifth Av., New York City and Adv. Bldg., Chicago.

The News-Times endeavors to keep its advertising free from fraudulent misrepresentation. Any person defrauded through advertising in this paper will confer a favor on the management by reporting the facts completely.

Northern Indiana's Greatest Newspaper.

Only eight-column daily newspaper in Indiana outside Indianapolis—is published every day of the year and twice a week on all save Sundays and Holidays—day and night, news service for all editions. Entered at the South Bend postoffice as second class mail.

Average Daily Circulation For Week Ending Dec. 4th, 15,661. Books Open to Advertisers.

DECEMBER 8, 1915.

CHURCH AND COUNTRY LIFE AND CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE

Is the farmer a backslider, or a poor miserable unrepentant sinner? The commission on church and country life is going after him, in a national convention at Columbus, O., this week, and it is openly proclaimed that two-thirds of the rural churches have ceased to grow, that 83 per cent have membership of less than 100 and that in country communities less than 40 per cent the population are church members.

The figures indicate, on their face, an alarming condition. If the farmers have turned around and are headed toward the devil, it must be that city folks, under the heavier strain of temptation, are breaking the speed limits in that direction. But, mere church membership is not a wholly reliable basis for estimating the hold of religion upon any community, in these times.

In past years, all of the farmer's family who could walk, drive, or ride double went to church, not alone for spiritual comfort but, to considerable extent, to meet their fellow-townsmen, their wives and children and to deliver and gather the community news. This latter incentive to rural church attendance has been practically wiped out by the telephone, the automobile and other modern means of intercommunication, and that 40 per cent of population still loyal in attendance may really mean as much genuine religion in the churches as ever there was. Orthodox, of any style, is as well off with a 40 per cent earnestly and sincerely praying, pulling and fighting for it as it is with 100 per cent only loyal as a matter of appearance and form.

But maybe we cannot comfort the Columbus convention by presenting this point, and we pass to remedies which the commission intends to suggest. Pres't Kenyon L. Butterfield of Massachusetts says:

"Country churches must assume functions similar to those held in cities by chambers of commerce, or boards of trade, without decreasing purely religious activity."

This would stagger the reader who is acquainted with such chambers and boards, if we did not explain that Brother Butterfield means that rural churches should take a hand for good roads, temperance, public health, cooperation in buying and selling, social and recreation centers, etc., which surely is evolution, if not revolution, in the accepted mission of rural churches.

Still, it is in line with the general trend of things—the getting of something visibly practical and profitable out of everything. It may be that the effort has been confined too exclusively to make the farmer a good road to heaven, while some of the spiritual labor would have counted in making him a good road to market. Anyway, the Columbus convention can well use time in discussing the innovation. The American rural community has got to be uplifted and saved, as needs be, at all hazards.

ELECTRICAL PROSPERITY WEEK SUGGESTS A COLISEUM.

Success of the recent Electrical Prosperity week, recording an attendance of upwards of 57,000 people at the exhibit despite the cramped quarters, is significant of the needs of South Bend with respect to a coliseum. This question has been before the people for some time. The demand for it has occasionally been doubted, but, if the success of the electrical exhibit means anything, it means that the local public can be interested in such public and semi-public affairs, and will patronize them when afforded an opportunity.

Electrical Prosperity week was in a sense a private enterprise. It is a queer circumstance, but undeniable, that while South Bend has more than twice the population of Elkhart, we are just about keeping pace with that city to the east of us in our adaptations to this electrical age. In other words Elkhart with only half the population of South Bend has approximately the same number of electricity users, all purposes considered, which would seem to indicate that we are either somewhat behind the times, or that Elkhart is several years ahead of them.

The purpose of the exhibition has been to get people interested. From all appearances they were interested. Large advance publicity was given to the undertaking, and it may have helped, but at the exhibition that interest was cemented. The same interest might be enlisted as to a number of things, and the task might be undertaken were there a place locally suited to such occasions. It has been asserted, and we believe it might be worked out, that a coliseum properly located and of ample proportions, could be made to pay its way.

The fair association management has had some such building in mind as a part of its Springfield equipment, but unless they get busy, we anticipate competition at a more central location may eventually overtake them. It could be used for a number of things; exhibitions, conventions, and even for revival services or as a dance hall. It is an affair in which some of our public spirited citizens might interest themselves with decided good grace; with the exception, perhaps, of providing for the dancing, and that might easily be eliminated should an anti-dance crank be found, willing to take any considerable hand in behalf of the remainder.

But Electrical Prosperity week has proven more than the public need of a coliseum. Location should be taken into account, and the need of publicity to bring the public out. Nothing has been undertaken in South Bend, perhaps in all its history; no, not even the Interstate fair last fall, that has been attended with so much display advertising as was Prosperity week. The Indiana & Michigan Electric Co., back of the enterprise, spared no pains to let the public know what was going to happen, and the people responded. Public interest was whetted up to the point of attendance, and that is

what the backers were after. They told their story first in the press, and then proved the truth of it at the exhibition. Their reward will quite probably be a larger patronage of electricity, and, if we may take the management at its word, a lower price for electricity will follow in consequence.

But let us not lose sight of the need of a coliseum. Electrical Prosperity week has gone farther and transforms that need into a demand for one.

FEMINE "PREPAREDISTS" LOSING THEIR FROWSY HEADS.

A group of fashionable New York women recently fell for one of the many freak preparedness schemes that are sweeping the country. Their organization, known as the Special Relief society, is listing summer homes for emergency hospitals and planning all sorts of relief work for the war they evidently anticipate in the near future.

It is to be wished that their ardor and patriotism had been captivated by a saner and more immediate need. There is much in our daily life that could very profitably occupy the time and attention of the Special Relief society.

They could begin right away by opening their country homes not in imagination to future convalescent soldiers, but right now to the many convalescents turned out of public hospitals before they are quite well. Without waiting eagerly for a chance to sew shirts for soldiers, they can sew right now for the army of babies who need warm clothes before the invasion of winter.

But they probably will not do anything of the sort. They knew about the poor and needy before and have undoubtedly belonged to several "charity" organizations in the past, have worked frantically at them for a while and then dropped them for the newest thing in relief work.

Until they acquire imagination and insight enough to find the proper application for their energies and sanity enough to keep their heads in any situation, they will always be flying off to organize new societies of some sort, leaving undone the work at hand.

Somebody should organize a Special Relief society for the women—and men—who are always so frantically pursuing impracticable schemes to use up their surplus energy and ignoring the humdrum services and obligations of life. They ought to be taught that these very humdrums require true patriotism and are worthy and beautiful.

FOPS? YES, AND A HUNDRED TIMES WORSE THAN FOPS.

"As a man who has grown up, since given my parental start, instead of being raised, I want to approve of Miriam Alburn's article in your Sunday paper, preferring the old time dime novel to the present day sex stories. The former made men of its boyish devotees, not fops."—A Student of Boys.

If "fops" were all the product of the salacious sex stories that pollute magazines and weekly supplements, it wouldn't be so bad. A "fop" is a sort of harmless, swell-headed, walking dummy for display of the new styles. He can be endured, like bunions, whiskers, wrist-watches, gentlemanly curls and such, and the cost of locking him up and keeping him is rarely required. The sex stories don't make either men or fops, but seducers, ravishers and degenerates.

Dead-Eye Dick of the dime novel was rough, ragged, lousy and blood-thirsty, but he inevitably carved, shot, sneaked, scalped, and paddled his canoe in behalf of endangered virtue and beauty. His success may have been through means that raised the hair of the boy reader but it always raised that boy's estimate of virtue, bravery and powers of initiative. Innocence and honesty always triumphed and the boy always rejoiced there at. We read a few scores of them behind our geography at school, and are still warmed up over some of those bully fights, at odds of one to one hundred, for feminine virtue and other high qualities.

But the miserable stuff now being spread before boys of the family circle is based on triumph of lust, the elasticity of marriage relations and the successful infraction of God's and man's laws as to chastity. It does not tend to make fops but beasts. Beside it, the old time dime novel is a "Pilgrim's Progress." Watch your boys! Is a good slogan, in these times. The Old Horned and Hoofed One is publishing his stories, as Brother Sunday would say.

PUSH IT ALONG.

Germany is to the front again. This time it is in respect of a measure to tax war profits.

To be sure, she will use this tax money to make more war but she'll reduce the popularity of war with a class that fattens on war, and God bless her efforts!

Dr. Hefflerich's bill requiring companies and corporations to set aside 50 per cent of their war profits to cover this new taxation is pretty near strong enough to make old Mars himself yell for peace.

Japanese war stocks have been booming to such an extent that the Tokio stock exchange has had to be temporarily suspended to stop the wild speculation. But we haven't heard of any Japanese munition factories being blown up or any Japanese ships burned at sea, or any Japanese financiers shot, or any subsidized propaganda to stop the export of munitions to Russia. Are there no hyphenated "patriots" in Japan willing to save that country from the iniquity of helping to prolong the war?

The Austrian government has asked for more time to obtain the facts and prepare a statement concerning the sinking of the Ancona, for the information of our government. Apparently the Austrian state department doesn't attach much more credence than we do to the report of the Austrian admiralty. Issued the day after the affair occurred, disclaiming all culpability.

Of course it was the printer's fault when the Omaha Bee announced that at a certain irreproachable social function "The evening was spent in sinning and dancing." But that didn't do the editor any good.

New York citizens have sworn off this year more than \$2,000,000,000 from their personal property assessments. You've got to hand it to New York when it comes to tax-dodging.

Dr. Haiselden, of Bollinger baby fame, has appeared on the stage in New York. Talk about advertising! A dead baby is worth an army of press agents.

The only remarkable thing about the government's request for the recall of von Papen and Boy-Ed is that it wasn't made long ago.

The height of political neutrality seems to have been reached by the new Ohio town that has decided to call itself Tedrow.

"Trading is mostly by professionals," is daily coming over the wires from Wall st. Have all the lambs been sheared so soon?

Sen. Owen's proposition to confiscate all the deceased leaves over \$10,000,000 doesn't scare us hardly any.

Roosevelt has ordered his gasoline bills on his Tarrytown place cut. What a snap that man has!

Now that you can't do it early, do it as early as you can.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

GOSH! but it's hard to pick a Christmas present for the partner of your more or less joy or sorrow when you know darned well she will say, "What in the world did you buy that for?"

OLD Ed Bonds says golf is too slow for him. He would want to run around and he wouldn't have any company. But when he starts to play next year we're going to sic old Eimer Dailey on him. That'll make a marathon worth the price of admission.

CY KING says somebody stole his black and tan houn' dawg, and we put it up to old Howard Longley, but Cy says no, it couldn't be Howard, 'cause it takes a mighty smart man to steal a houn' dawg.

IF MEN ONLY KNEW.

The Secret.

Man, open your great strong arms and gather her into them! What if you are bringing home with you a burden of business worries, which in comparison make hers seem a vaudeville farce. Suspend sentence for a moment. Press her head against your shoulder and stroke her hair—she won't care if you do rumple it if you make her feel the tender understanding sympathy of the act.

Don't ask a question—don't say a word as you hold her close. Let her weep—and pretty soon the sun will break through the lowering storm-clouds, and she will laugh and call herself "A silly goose," and a "Little foolie," and a dozen other pet, abusive names, and then she'll put her arms around your neck and tell you—no she won't, she will have forgotten.

Then—though you hate the history of domestic woes, dare a little, and ask her to tell you all about it—in nine cases out of ten she will have forgotten what it was, and won't bore you with a single detail of how the "Dragon of Petty Annoyance" chased her over the mountain of "Domestic Worries"—because you rescued her from the terrible beast, and slew him with your tender sympathy.

She will tell you it was only a mouse which looked as big as a grizzly bear until she felt your protecting arms about her—and that she is so ashamed—then she will tell you that you are an old dear, and that she has the most delicious dinner waiting for you—and oh, tactful man!—take time to thank God for the gift of tender consideration.

With Other Editors Than Ours

THE SOUTH IN BONDAGE.

(Spartanburg, Fla., Herald.)

African slavery is a thing of the past in the United States, and every one should be thankful for the fact, unless it be some of the poor old-time negroes who have never fared as well as they did in bondage.

But there is another form of slavery in which the south finds itself, and from which its emancipation seems more difficult than was the task of setting the negro free. This is the slavery of the southern farmers to the growing of cotton. They seem to have the idea that only cotton can be grown to advantage in this climate, and that they can come out well by raising all cotton and buying hay, flour and corn from the western farmers, paying freight on it a thousand miles, and contributing to swell the profits of the producer, broker, wholesaler, railroad and retailer. It is all a part of the slavery to cotton under which the south has allowed itself to be placed.

Practically the south, the "solid south," is in bondage to the black man. His presence among us compels practically all self-respecting white men to stand together in one political party. This situation produces conservatism, and as the section is naturally a conservative one, it is difficult for its people to throw off a habit that has held them fast for years—the habit of producing one crop, and that a crop that the farmer can not use himself.

The southern farmer should liberate himself from his bondage, as he can easily do. All that is required is for the individual farmer to make up his mind that he will produce more of that which he needs and less of that which the market manipulators take from him at prices in whose fixing he has no part. Let him determine that he will raise more grain, more stock, more meat, more hay, and less cotton, and he will soon find himself on the road to better circumstances. And this is the case regardless of what his neighbor may do. For too long each cotton producer has depended upon his neighbor to do the curtailing of the acreage. This plan will not work. The problem is not one of reducing cotton acreage, but of increasing grain and food production. In this no farmer can depend upon his neighbor.

The south should throw off the slavery of cotton.

POOR AMERICANISM.

(Nevada State Journal.)

About three thousand Americans, who were in Europe when the war broke out and who had not sufficient funds to return to the United States from the belligerent countries, have failed to repay the government for the funds freely provided for their transportation and maintenance.

It is true that some of these may not be in a position to make payment now. It is equally true, however, that a large percentage is deliberately dodging payment when they are quite able to make restitu-

PREPAREDNESS!



tion and forbearance which protected you from the misery of that narration. F. L. T.

WE have with us today an old acquaintance, the well remembered, oft lamented and occasionally welcome national legislature. Yes, congress is in session again and the quiet, restful interim is over. Congress is alleged to be the double distilled essence of the people, boiled down to brass tacks, and to voice the wants and needs of the constituent body, but at times the voice is unnatural, unfamiliar. We commend it to that part of the litany which calls for divine aid in preventing us from doing those things we ought not to do and in helping us to do those things we ought to do.

STILL, we have Wilson—that's all.

AND Mr. Bryan has considerably remained with us to guide and direct.

WHAT if W. J. B. had deserted us at this critical moment? We cannot think of it without a gasp.

Providing For the Future.

(The Docket.)

A short time ago, while looking through chattel mortgages on file, I found one where the property mortgaged was as follows:

One pair bob sleds and the increase. R. J. Goodwin.

ALL of the emboldened predict the war will last two years longer at least, with a mental reservation in favor of six months. They will be agreeably disappointed if Ford stops it immediately on his arrival. So will we.

Diagnosed as Pikeritis.

(Detroit News.)

SWEETHEART DIES;

YOUNG MAN SUES

TO GET RING BACK.

—So, Bend News-Times.

Pikeritis in its most virulent form.

WE learn from the more or less esteemed Trib. that Pierce of the Oliver baseball team was at bat 15 times and got 16 hits. This is a world's record.

SPEAKING of the power of suggestion, just look at the show windows.

THEY fairly make a man's pocket-book ache.

C. N. F.

"I Want You to See the New High School."

Mr. Enthusiastic Booster is showing Friend Out-of-town the town. He circles up to the High School entrance—and takes Friend through.

Then they look at the Hotel, the Court House, the "Y. M.", the Library—and to the factories they go.

"We have the biggest plow works in the country, and the biggest wagon works, and make more toys and sewing machine cases than any place else on the map, and we've got more men who started small and are making good in a big way than any place I know of. Talk about opportunity for small manufacturers—it's here!" And so E. B. enthusiastically rambles on about the factories of which we are all so proud.

Here's the point—Does this particular Booster, or any other, wave a proud hand in the direction of the electric plant?

Probably not—simply because he doesn't realize that the electrical industry is just about the biggest thing hereabouts.

Believing this to be the case we're going to tell all you Boosters about it—we're going to talk about the electrical business in the St. Joseph Valley—we're going to present a new fact story about the Indiana & Michigan every day or so.

We believe that right now, following the Electric Show and Electrical Prosperity Week is a good time to begin.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

No. 1—This is the first of a series of talks on I. & M.

Brandon Duffell Co.

Genuine J. & P. Coats' 200 yd. Thread 4c per spool 46c per dozen CHAS. B. SAX & CO.

The White House of

The Riesa

Modern House Furnishings 304 & 310 So. Mich. St.